This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

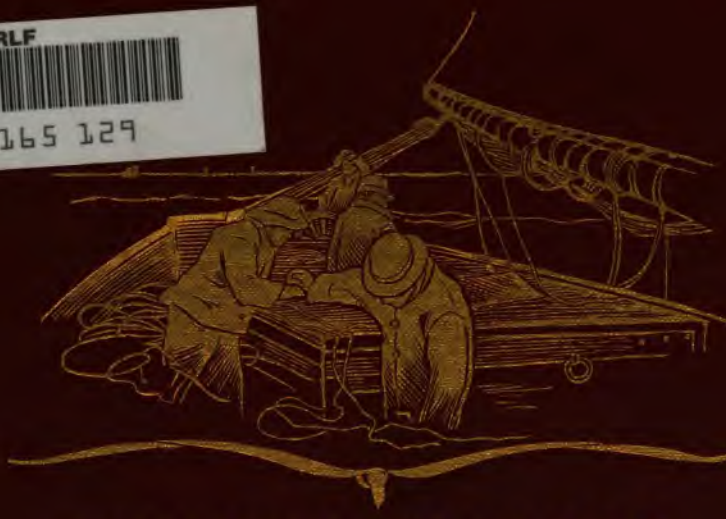
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

UC-NRLF
$B 165 129



WHARF AND FLEET

BALLADS OF THE FISHERMEN OF GLOUCESTER

SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

Wharf and Fleet

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Wharf and Fleet

Ballads of the Fishermen of Gloucester

By

Clarence Manning Falt

With Illustrations from Original Photographs

Boston
Little, Brown, and Company
1902

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Copyright, 1902,
By CLARENCE M. FALT.

All rights reserved.

Published June, 1902.

TO

WINTHROP L. MARVIN

859233

CONTENTS

Introduction	*Page*	xi
Proem Some Summer Night	"	3
Staging Salt	"	5
Th' Rigger	"	8
My Heroes	"	11
Low Tide at Night	"	14
To a Wounded Sea-Gull	"	17
Th' Fish-Skinner	"	19
The Cheekers	"	21
Fittin' Out	"	23
Th' Mack'r'l Cooper	"	27
The Little Shore Boats	"	30
Puttin' on Frills	"	31
At Sea	"	34
Gittin' Underway	"	37
Gaffin' Fish	"	39
Torching Herring	"	42
P. G. Duffy, Scrubber	"	44
Packin' Mack'r'l	"	47
The Fog Bell and Whistling Buoy	"	49
"Port er Reek"	"	51
Splittin' er Trip	"	54
Th' Bank Fleet	"	57
Jumpin' Rope	"	60
Washin' Out	"	63
The Stevedore	"	65
Georgie Cod	"	69

CONTENTS

The Easterly	*Page*	71
Th' Nipper Woman	"	74
The Old Wharf-Butts	"	78
Dryin' Time	"	80
The Shore Fishermen	"	82
Fillin' th' Water-Barrels	"	84
Sweepin' th' Flakes in Winter	"	86
Baiting Up	"	88
Ole Father Kife	"	90
Th' Georgie Fleet	"	92
Th' Head Man	"	95
At the Hauling Up	"	97
Spread'n' Time	"	100
Drying the Seines	"	103
The Burial at Sea	"	105
" Th' Spider an' th' Fly "	"	110
Weighin' off er Trip	"	113
Th' Lost Trawlers	"	115

ILLUSTRATIONS

Weighin' Off er Trip . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Dressin' Mack'r'l . . . . . *Vignette on Title*

Th' Rigger . . . . . *Page* 8

Th' Fish Skinner . . . . . " 19

Th' Mack'r'l Cooper . . . . . " 27

Packin' Mack'r'l . . . . . " 47

Splittin' er Trip . . . . . " 54

The Stevedore . . . . . " 65

Dryin' Time . . . . . " 80

Baiting Up . . . . . " 88

Th' Georgie Fleet . . . . . " 92

Spreadin' Time . . . . . " 100

"Th' Spider an' th' Fly" . . . . . " 110

INTRODUCTION

IN presenting this volume to the reading public, it has been my object to perpetuate as far as possible some of the leading phases and characters of wharf and fleet. No life offers to the reader more absorbing divertisement than does that of Gloucester in the study of its great fishing-industry, so replete with tragedy, grim humor, heroism, thrift, and progression; also its physical and historical environments.

Gloucester, in Essex County, has a beautiful situation on Cape Ann, that most prominent point of land on the northeastern coast of Massachusetts, which extends inland in the shape of a horse-shoe, forming a natural breakwater for the inner harbor. The waters of the Atlantic and those of Massachusetts Bay wash its coast. Its broad harbor is one of the best along the seaboard. It is gay with smartly rigged fishing-craft, tramp steamers, salt ships from the Old World, etc.

Gloucester's settlement dates back to 1623, but even as early as 1605 the adventurous Norsemen visited its shores. Later on came the daring Champlain, the gallant Captain John Smith, and the Pilgrim heroes — Standish, Conant, and Robinson. The object of the visitation of these three Pilgrims was the establishment of fishing-plants, the inception of which has resulted in this great industry.

Its incorporation as a town occurred in 1642.

Its population at the writing of this work is about 29,000.

As a fishing-port, it is the largest in the world. Here can marine life be studied in all its phases. Here, lying at their moorings, will be found the up-to-date Gloucester fishing-vessels, for the modern type of fishing-vessel is the pride and delight of a Gloucester skipper's heart. He considers his stanch craft his ocean home. Indeed, these handsome vessels are as fine as the stately yachts that daily grace the harbor, for one would immediately note their fine sheer, perfectly fitting sails, clean decks, trim rig, and crews of able-bodied seamen, marking a wonderful and almost

magical development from the primitive types of the quaint shallops, pinnaces, and pinkies of the olden days.

Gloucester harbor, like some mighty arena of old, is terraced with impregnable bastions of rugged hills and seared and time-furrowed cliffs, land-locked with its columning wharves of massive piling, its picturesque self looming above the mast-heads of the fleet, like the faded glories of Patmos of old.

At night its beauty is unrivalled. Seaward its light-towers flash and gleam like barbaric Ko-hi-nurs, above the signals of the fleets glowing to port and windward, vying landward with the city's brilliant reflections, sparkling with the shimmering glows of the wharf lights, the anchored fleets, and the inverted spangles of the stars of heaven.

There are two distinct populations, the native and the floating; the latter manning the fleets, coming from almost every clime to engage in the various branches of its industry, — men virile, hardy, patriotic, and courageous; many of them eventually developing into the honored and influential citizen, into the laurel-wreathed hero.

The wharf life has also developed marvel-

lously. Every up-to-date method of prosecuting this industry is employed. This development has brought about many new occupations and newer characteristics of the life.

There is no distinct vernacular used, for the nationalities represented in this fishing-port are so complex as to render that impossible, but there are many phrases in general use which I have endeavoured to bring forth in these ballads.

Born in this seaport city, with blood of seafaring people in my veins, the grandeur and pathos of this variable life have ever enthralled me.

May these ballads bring the reader into closer touch with this hazardous and heroic life!

March 17, 1902.

Clarence Manning Fait's father Captain Walter Manning Fait was born 1873 (Apr. 7) and died March 12, 1904. He was a well known and respected fishing fleet Skipper out of Gloucester.

WHARF AND FLEET

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

SOME SUMMER NIGHT

W'EN eve an' sea begin ter kiss,
Oh, luvin', like er youth an' miss
With fancies, dreamin' that an' this,
Then git yer seats,
Jest hus'le down ter Neptune's box,
An' strike an orkstray fer th' docks,
Way down ter ware th' home fleet flocks,
An' give th' greets.

Then let th' ushers take yer in,
An' creep th' aisles, an' crawl, an' shin,
Until yer 'ware th' flakin' fin
Th' awnin's blow.
Then, 'mid th' singin' uv th' blocks,
Unbut' yer ves' an' loose yer frocks,
An' let th' wind jest own yer locks,
Howe'er they go.

Then seat yerself, th' program gage,
With wit, buffoon, an' tragic sage
Go lose yerself, an' live an age,—
Take in th' show.
Take in th' acters an' th' play,
Th' passions an' th' roundelay;
Too soon will come some yesterday,
So list my blow.

Wharf and Fleet

STAGING SALT

HISS of the hydra, belch of the dragon—
Gur—cah!
The white steams fierce spring, ghost wreathe, and upwing —
Gur—cah!
Lifeing each side as the great lighters glide —
Gur—cah!

Hiss of the hydra, belch of the dragon —
Sc—scth!
Swirls the gray tide, grim, with a sleek sly swim —
Sc—scth!
Drowning each breath with a mad lunge of death —
Sc—scth!

Crick of the tackle, crock of the haly'ds,—
Aye — Aye —
The stevedores sing, the great tubs up-
spring, —
Aye — Aye.
High up where the gear on the platform's
tier —
Aye — Aye.

Rush of the wheelers, straining and dumping;
Quick'ning the shoveller's clank —
Down in the hold, with its damp and its
mould, —
Down deep, where the white salts bank, —
Down deep, where ghost toil hugs the pit-
tance spoil
With quavering voice and thank.

Scream of the siren, joying the ending,
Trilling its magical note;
Stilling the bending, stilling the tending,
While sweetly the six chimes float

STAGING SALT

Over the masts and the shrouds and the
stream —
Dear, like a mother, to rest and to dream —
And the drowsy sleep-oars boat.

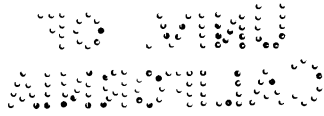
"Staging Salt": see "Stevedore."
"Siren": the steam-lighter's whistle.
"Halyards": ropes or tackle to hoist.
"Down in the hold": the salt is picked and loosened from its solid mass by the use of pickaxes and then shovelled into the tubs.

TH' RIGGER

YER may blow erbout th' cirkis, th' man
on th' trapeeze,
Yer may pant yer breath erbout th' "Humin
Fly,"
But if yer want th' dizzy that will infant-like
yer knees,
Let yer opticks quizz th' rigger, flyin' high.

Oh, he 's nuthin' in pertickler, er brave heart
out on pay,
Oh, er feller that goes hus'lin' roun' with
Time,
Jest er nervy that goes soarin' w'are th' gulls
play tag all day
An' th' shrouds ring all th' wind bells
chime on chime.

With his kit erpon his back
An' er plenty give an' slack,
An' his fists er huggin' tight th' tackle's loop,
Ter th' gray blocks creak an' crack
He will swing up lof' an' tack,
Oh, th' dizziest ole chickin in th' coop.



On th' spring-stay, up th' ball,
Down th' jib-stay, roun' th' fall,
He will do each turn or ever miss'n ac',
Wile th' winds an' gulls will call
Like as if they hollered, "Gall!"
"Jest look out, ole man, some day yer 'll git th' sac!"

But he 'll anti all th' more,
An' will swing his legs galore,
An' go friskin' with th' winds as limp as eels,
W'ile th' gulls will farther soar,
Though maddened ter th' core
That er humin should so dare ter tag th' heels.

But th' sight is sad ter me,
Oh, this darin' by th' sea,
This primpin' uv th' lingerie uv th' fleets,
Oh, this dev'lin wild an' free
In th' vast infinitee,
This tight'nin' uv th' black shroud's laddery cleats.

Fer it w'ispers all th' more
Th' goin' ter leave th' shore,
Goin' ter deserlate th' h'arth an' cry th' home, —
Some ter come back laughin'-eyed
Ter th' kind, ole harber tide;
Some ter be jest g'osts ferever in th' foam.

"Th' Rigger": he is the man who puts the riggings of the fleets into shape; most active in the early springtime and in the fall of the year. He is the tarer, the hanger of the sails, the scraper of the masts, the slusher, etc.

"Humin Fly": term once given to a trapeze performer whose specialty was to walk head downward the ceiling of a theatre by catching his toes into iron hooks suspended from the ceiling.

"Kit": work-box.

"Tackle's loop": a pulley or system of pulleys in the rigging.

"Spring-stay": the connecting rigging between the mainmast and the foremast.

"Jib-stay": the rigging that runs from the foremast top to the end of the bowsprit.

"Ball": the gilt figurehead that caps the topmast.

"Laddery cleats": they are the ratlines or the small lines of the riggings used as the rounds of a ladder for climbing the masts, etc.

MY HEROES

THE night signals stab all the ocean dark, —
With quivering thrusts at the swells that flow,
They wound the foam with a telling mark,
And crimson the night birds that trembling go.

The wind to the storm sprites whistles and whines,
They scream to their goblins promise of fun;
The frightened moon hides a lone star that shines,
While o'er them wander the clouds, one by one.

Like Death commanding bright souls to the grave, —
Filing in, filing in to the dirge of the wind,
In pity a moment some mercy they crave;
The dark anchors strain, and the wet hawsers bind.

Wild in the whirl of the night-tortured air,
  Like thrusting of swords in wounds that
    are burning,
Or wild beasts of prey fiercely seeking their
    lair,
  One lists to the topsails twisting and
    churning.

With tippets of foam the bowsprits are
    muffled,
  Like brides of betrothal the creaking sails
    lean;
Like glittering veils all spangled and ruffled,
  The cold sprays glide o'er the rails damp
    and green.

But one man at the wheel!—what wonderful
    pluck!
  Was ever a battle with hero like this?
One 's given God's light till the heart is
    o'er-struck,
  E'en Death on his forehead lays cold a
    last kiss —

In war. But when one pair of cold, stiffened
    hands,
  Two eyes, and a body that 's not over-
    strong,

Backed up, it may be, with a frail little band, —
Ten to half when compared to an army's wild throng, —

On a sea in a night that with horror is crazed,
With the torture and passion and fury of storms,
On an old fishing-craft that is beaten and dazed, —
My heroes are there, and my soul for them warms!

LOW TIDE AT NIGHT

IN th' gold halls uv th' spiles,
W'en th' great w'arf-lamps are lit,
Laughin', bowin', full uv smiles,
Strange th' wigly people flit, —
All th' wigly people queer
In th' gold hall's pier on pier.

An' they shin, an' shin, an' shin,
An' they leap, an' leap, an' leap,
An' they grin, an' grin, an' grin,
An' they creep, an' creep, an' creep,
An' they leer, an' leer, an' leer, —
All these wigly people queer.

W'ile th' mad ole mussels snap,
An' th' gray ole barn'cles spit,
An' th' cross ole starfish yap,
An' th' ugly red crabs hit,
W'en they dare ter venture near
All these wigly people queer.

LOW TIDE AT NIGHT

An' th' dady sculpins hide
  Farther, farther in th' deep,
An' th' great, w'ite flounders glide
  Through th' mud-eels fast er sleep
W'ile th' snorin' munk-fish yawn,
Thinkin' strange how quick th' dawn.

W'ile th' minnies an' th' smelt
  Dart themselves an' leave th' scene,
Till one great, long silver belt
  Girdles all th' cabbige green,
All th' rufflin's uv th' kelp
Def'ly sown by Neptune's help.

Yet they are er merry set,
  Frolickin' ermong themselves,
Ne'er er care or e'er er fret,
  Phanth'm sprites an' phanth'm elves,
Luvin' w'ile th' great lights glare
Sprites uv naught ter fade no ware.

Wigly people uv th' night,
  Wigly people strange an' queer,
W'en th' gold halls are erlight,
  One there is who loves you, dear,
One who sen's you love an' smiles,
As you flit ermong th' spiles.

WHARF AND FLEET

As you flit an' fade erway
  Inter nothin' out uv naught,
W'en th' great lamps blur th' gray
  An' th' day th' night has caught,
Wigly people strange an' queer,
One there is who loves you, dear.

One of the most beautiful pictures of the harbor is the wharves lighted at night; most beautiful reflections and fancies imaginable are wrought.

Third verse: the shellfish that cling to the piles.

"Dady sculpin": a hideous-shaped fish that glides on the bottom of the deep.

"Monkfish": a huge-mouthed fish that swims up to the dock and dies at the receding of the tide.

TO A WOUNDED SEA-GULL

SPIRIT-LIKE thing above the foam,
Where is your home?
All day I've watched you breast the wind,
Like some harsh voice, oh, so unkind,
Where'er you roam.

Pleading-like, fair, I watch you near,
Tenderly, dear,
Out from the gray air's wild unrest,
Down to the mad sea's tortured breast,
Trembling with fear.

Like to my soul's strange being, thou,
Sweet bird, somehow,
Battered and tossed with crying soul
Misunderstood by seas that roll
Life's undertow.

Pure, with a heart of gentlest thought,
    Now bruised, unsought,
Hurled on the waves of darkest strife,
With course unknown to shape my life
    For deeds untaught.

Blend with thy faith, O bird, my moan;
    Then silent, lone,
We 'll take our bleeding souls afar,
For, oh, sweet bird, I know a star
    For us has shone!

TH' FISH-SKINNER

IT 's er sighkick eddicashun, it 's er phizzie kultur treat
Tew erlight upon er skinner w'en ole Phoebis halves his beat.
His flips er flappin' like er seal's, oh, his chist actif an' out,
An' his head all inspiratid with th' topicks he 's erbout.

He 's an' essay high an' learnèd on th' limberness o' things,
Oh, er rekumposin', dekumposin' exercise thet rings.
He 's er humin figger-ater, er Delsater uv th' best,
He 's er jisture indicative thet th's no sich thing as rest.

He 's er ripper strong an' mighty, he 's er
cutter keen an' sharp,
He 's er blocker tew th' pashuns uv th' cod-
fish tew th' carp,
He 's an' attitudick poser frum th' comick
tew th' trag',
He 's er bird that jis can hustle 'twix an'
invice an' er lag.

He 's er trotter, he 's er dancer, he 's er rigger
uv th' best,
Frum th' threadin' uv er top-lif' tew th'
hangin' uv his vest;
Fer er topick high an' learned on th' limber-
ness o' things,
He 's er rekumposin', dekumposin' exercise
thet rings.

Second verse: terms in Delsarte. The recomposing and decomposing exercises. The figure eight movements horizontal and vertical.

In skinning a fish, first, fins and napes are removed, then the skin. The fish are then cut up to fit various-sized boxes, then pressed down to make them compact. So much a hundred pounds is paid for skinning, — 35 to 40 cents. The better the skinner the higher the wages. It is carried on by both men and women.

THE CHEEKERS

THE night tide swirls between the piles;
A Banshee grim, the wharf-shed smiles
At hide and seek.
The lanterns with the torches play,
While crawls the night upon its way
Sans tooth and weak.

For close upon the hour of one,
And yet the cheekers are not done;
To flashing rips
Still higher grow the fleshy hoards,
While gruesome from the splitting boards
The red blood drips.

There 's old Jock Hill, half blind and dumb,
And fierce Tom Burke with but one thumb,
And pale French Cass,
And Bummy Clint and thick-lipped Trent,
And old Mose Gee, all crooked and bent,
To pitch and pass.

And in and out, while old Jock croons,
Each flashing knife-blade cuts and spoons
And hollows out,
While yarn and tale are made and met
With hissy spat and whetstone whet
The tables 'bout.

Until above each tattooed charm
That blues each shrunk and cordy arm
The red blood gleams.
Through meshes of a weird wove veil,
Of slime and blood and gut and scale,
The ferret dreams.

So burn the lanterns to the morn,
Until above the hills is born
The crowen's cry,
And answering with a weird "Ye ho,"
The fleets begin to hoist and go,
To live or die.

"Cheekers": the cheekers in a fishing-town are the men who cut out the fleshy portions of the decapitated heads of fish, the cheeks. It is generally the work of a few men who labor at night, after the trip has been weighed off and dressed.

"Tattooed charm": the India ink symbols often seen on the arms of the fishermen. They generally represent an anchor, vessel, initials of name, etc.

"Ferret": animal.

FITTIN' OUT

W'EN th' grass is comin' up,
An' th' swallers dive an' sup,
An' th' gulls are lookin' roun' er bit ter pair,
An' th' rain-drop 's on th' sport
Full uv kisses an' fer court,
Then it 's proudy time fer conquis's an' fer dare.

Then yer 'll see th' chap'runs come,
An' yer 'll hear th' gossip hum,
An' th' maid'ns shy an' dainty, sweet an' fair,
An' they 'll turn th' knobs an' locks
With th' goods an' flash'n' frocks,
An' they 'll haughty prance er down th' thoroughfare.

Then yer 'll hear th' shops unlock,
An' yer 'll hear th' modis's talk,
An' advise er bit ercordin' ter th' style,
W'ether right it is fer trails
Or fer short skirts or fer veils,
W'ile th' sewin'-people sit eroun' an' smile.

Then yer 'll see th' goods displayed,
Silks an' satins an' brocade,
Yards an' yards uv dainty muslins fer th' belles,
An' yer 'll see th' yardsticks go,
As they measure fas' an' slow
Fer th' frolick gowns ter flirt ermong th' swells.

Then yer 'll see 'em hurry back,
An' yer 'll hear th' gossips clack,
Till ergin yer hear th' knobs an' locks unturn,
W'ile th' modis's all th' w'ile
Chuckle sof'ly, laugh, an' smile,
As they figger up th' goodly sums they 'll earn.

Oh, jest midway in th' stream,
Ware th' cross-tides swirl an' gleam,
An' ole Phoebis spouts his firs'ly ter th' wes',
Yer can find these fash'n-shops,
W'en th' spring rain sof'ly drops,
An' th' swallers an' th' gulls begin ter nes'.

Yer can hear th' people sing
In these luvly days uv spring,
As they cast an' bind th' seams an' ruffles tight,

Watch th' needles fas' an' slow
Sew an' kitch each ferbelow,
Till ole Phoebis spouts his las'ly ter th' night.

Oh, these luvly days uv spring,
W'en th' sewin'-people sing,
An' th' happy fittin' time rings 'cross th' tide,
If th' joy could only las',
As they trim each skirt an' barse,
An' th' modis's hang th' sweepin' trails ter glide.

But, erlas, th're singin' pain
With th' vi'lits an' th' rain,
An' th' swallers an' th' gulls erpon th' wing;
Fer th' leaf has yet ter fall
Ter th' black cloud an' th' squall,
An' ole Grief has yet his score ter read an' ring.

He will tell it all some day,
W'en th' swallers flown erway,
An' th' matid gulls are roamin' on th' deep,
An' th' singin' is all done,
An' er froz'n thing th' sun,
An' th' vi'lit long, ah, long, has gone ter sleep.

He will tell it unto tears
Ter th' barr'n w'arves an' piers,
Ter th' chap'runs gazin' lonely o'er th' waves,
How they flirtid an' they dared,
How they matid an' they paired,
Ere th' w'ite foam roses bloomed erbove th' graves.

The fleet getting ready for sea in the early spring.

"Chap'runs": figuratively used for the firm-holders.

"Maidens shy an' dainty": the clipper crafts of the fleet; the up-to-date seiners.

"Shops unlock": the sail-lofts and the block-shops and the fitting-out stores.

"Modis's": the sail-makers and the cutters.

"Sewin' people": sail-makers and seine knitters.

"Silks an' satins an' brocade": figuratively used for the canvas or duck in making the sails.

"Gossips clack": the skippers and the crews.

TH' MACK'R'L COOPER

HE 's th' sparkle an' th' song
W'en th' chimes they would go wrong,
He 's th' minstrel w'en the mack'ril days are farin';
With his kit an' flaggin' stubs,
An' his rub-a-dub-a-dubs,
He 's th' jolly uv th' life th' lads are darin'.

'Mid th' pickle an' th' chaff
An' th' heart-aches an' th' laugh,
'Mid th' callin' an' th' cullin' an' th' packin',
An' th' crews er jumpin' roun'
Cuttin' barrels up an' down,
He's th' spirit uv th' w'arf th' trip er stackin'.

He will conjure up th' hoop
Like th' cobra fer th' swoop,
He will sleight er hand th' wedge ter any fakir.
He will make th' adze ter sing
Like er boberlink in spring,
An' th' shafe ter twirl th' cutest ballet caper.

He will pompous up th' butt
Like th' justice on th' sputt',
He will make th' quarter haughty vie th' halfer,
He will dude th' little kit
Till yer very sides will split,
An' th' heads ter ring th' tumtums uv th' Kaffir.

Fer he 's king erpon his soil
W'en th' seiners dump th' spoil,
He's th' Ber. G.'s merry lover, pal, an' trooper;
With his kit an' flaggin' stubs,
An' his rub-a-dub-a-dubs,
He 's th' jolly uv it all, th' merry cooper.

"Chimes or chimbs": the ends of a barrel or cask.

"Kit": tool-box.

"Flaggin' stubs": ends of the dried flags or rushes used in knitting the chimes together.

"Rub-a-dub-a-dubs": noise of the adze upon the wedge.

"Callin', cullin', packin'": as the men termed the "cullers" assort the mackerel into their varied sizes, and the weigher's tubs are filled with the ones, the twos, the threes, and the fours, usually called "tinkers," as the fish increase or decrease in size, the weighers, who guard the beam and register the number of pounds to a tub, dump the filled tubs into each packer's crib in turn, calling the numbers of the fish as they do so. Two hundred pounds of fish represent a packed barrel, each weigher's tub containing a hundred pounds each. A half-bushel of salt is used in packing a barrel. The packers make a cross or symbol on both the barrel-head and barrel, namely, ‡1, ‡2, ‡3, ‡4, with red chalk. As the weighers call out each packer's turn, they score on a shingle or building or barrel, as the case may be, the numbers of packed barrels, namely, 𝍸 |||| . In packing a barrel of mackerel a layer of salt is thrown down first, or enough to cover

the bottom of a barrel. Then the fish are packed in layers, backs up, salt alternately thrown with each layer, the fish being pressed down by jumping on them.

"Cuttin' barrels": rolling the barrels end up.

"Stackin'": tiering them up.

"Conjure up th' hoop": the hoops are straight and long at first, then they are bent and rounded to fit the barrel, usually caught in a little wedge-like cut in the sides of the hoop.

"Sleight er hand th' wedge": the wedge is wooden, and is used to press the hoops down as far as possible.

"Adze": a cutting-iron tool or hammer.

"Shafe": a long knife-like blade, with handles at each end, used to shape up each end of the chimes.

"Butt": a large hogshead used to salt up the dressed fish.

"Quarter": the quarter of a barrel.

"Halfer": the half of a barrel.

"Kit": in this sense, a small tub used in packing mackerel.

"Heads": the tops of the barrels.

"Ber. G.": flag.

THE LITTLE SHORE BOATS

LIKE darling babes with blinking eyes
Upon some dear old mammy's lap
The little shore boats' cuddy-lights
Go drifting by the old wharf's cap,
While softly, sweetly, gently steals
The lullaby of drifting keels.

I see the eddies swirl and play
And laugh unto their watching stare,
The great white blankets of the sails,
Like coverlets so warm and fair,
While softly, sweetly, gently steals
The lullaby of drifting keels.

Oh, beautiful the pictured dream,
Oh, beautiful the moonlight's glow,
The little shore boats in the stream,
The chimes a-striking, sweet and low,
While softly, sweetly, gently steals
The lullaby of drifting keels.

The shore boats are the little sloop-rigged boats that fish along shore and in Ipswich Bay.

PUTTIN' ON FRILLS

OH, th' gut th' yachty noshun
Fer th' stainin' 'mongst th' fleet,
An' its crick, crick, uv th' tackl's
An' its hist uv bossun seat,
An' its slip, slap, uv th' muck mops
As they drip 'em down th' spars,
An' its bang, bang, uv th' buckits
As they sling 'em up ter Mars.
An' its spit, spit, uv th' slushers
As they chaw th' cuds erway,
Oh, th' gut th' yachty noshun
Fer th' frills, th' ole folk say.

Oh, th' mainm's's tog th' rich hues
Uv th' Lebernuns uv yore,
An' th' forem's's vie th' redwoods
Uv Yosemertes out pour,
An' th' topm's's pale th' cherries
Uv th' Pullm'ns on th' run,
Still its bang, bang, uv th' buckits
Frum th' rise till set uv sun.

Oh, th' gut th' yachty noshun
  Fer th' frills, th' ole folk say,
An' th' slushers makin' money,
  An' ole oakers come ter stay.

Oh, they 've crazed th' sails ter frenzy
  At th' thought uv gasserlean;
Th' puttin' big Kernarder lugs
  On every tub that 's seen;
Ole Fifer's Mag, that 's jest been topped
  An' has run herself in debt,
Th' loadin' down with haughty lugs
  Fer ter match th' high-line set.
Oh, this gittin' yachty noshuns
  Is er bad thing, ter be plain,
W'en th' hus'les all fer racin'
  An' dum leetle with th' seine.

Oh, th' bowsprit once so haughty
  With er jib erpon its back,
Is luggin' four or five uv 'em
  Jest er hell erpon er tack.
Oh, th' bows once big an' solid,
  Fer ter smash th' waves in two,
Are as toppin' an' as pintid
  As m' lady's how-de-do.

PUTTIN' ON FRILLS

Oh, this gittin' yachty noshuns
  Fer th' frills, th' ole folk say,
Will be causin' luts uv truble
  An' er cuss all right some day.

"Yachty noshun": modern modelling of the fleets on yachting lines.

"Muck mops": the mops used when staining and slushing down the masts.

"Lebernuns": the cedars of Lebanon.

"Ole oaker": ochre.

"Gasserlean": the latest motive power of the mackerel fleet, gasolene.

"Fer th' ceader": the masts are of Oregon pine stained with colored ochre.

AT SEA

LIKE grim, gaunt arms of some fierce frenzied leech,
The wind-hurled tops'ls sway and beck and reach,
And clutch and hold the frightened shrouds that screech.

Below, like jewels of some pirate Moor,
The signals flash, now red a clot of gore,
Now green like putrid spawn hyena's store.

Back distant where the gaping cradles yawn,
Where sank a vessel in the early dawn,
A veil of phosphor floats in fragments torn.

Like some dead cobra's ghost, a gruesome thing,
A still wake breaks where drenchèd hagdons cling,
A comber leaps and stills their muttering.

AT SEA

Black, ebon, like a haunted thing of Death,
A lagging Banker pants as if for breath,
A white hand guiding with the move of stealth.

Dim, phantomed, where the clouds and seas do meet,
Like some stern court of God or judgment-seat,
A flock of gulls in scattered lines wing fleet.

A smoke plume drifts like some fierce dragon's wing;
A hawser groans where setting trawlers fling;
A fog bank leers and creeps, a crafty thing.

Unseen, yet heard like noises cursed with hates,
Or clanging bolts of mighty dungeon gates,
Low thunders mutter like the growls of Fates.

A spar flits by; a gaunt hull beauty reft;
A white corpse stark to all the noises deft, —
One from a hundred souls to tell what 's left.

Now, like a sign, a hushèd stillness sweeps,
A Lethean quiet o'er the turmoil sleeps,
While night's accountants sum the day's grim
heaps.

GITTIN' UNDERWAY

IN th' early dawn ere th' doors unlock,
Then it 's crick, crick, crick, an' it 's
crock, crock, crock,
An' it 's ho an' hi fer th' blocks ter talk
In th' early dawn e'er th' doors unlock.

Then it 's ho an' hi fer th' dreams ter die,
Fer th' crews an' th' bunks ter say good-by,
Fer th' yawn an' gape, fer th' stretch an' sigh,
In th' early dawn ere th' cocks crow high.

Then it 's ho fer doublin' th' woolsey smocks,
An' twicein' th' toes in th' home-knit socks,
An' cuddlin' th' ears up under th' locks,
An' haulin' down tighter th' souwes' chocks.

Then it 's ho fer housin' th' rubber boots,
An' firmin' th' heart in th' stiff oil suits,
W'ile the cuddies blaze, an' th' coffee goots,
An' th' windlass creaks, an' th' horn it hoots.

Then it 's ho fer grubbin' an' hi fer drink,
Then shadder th' gangway an' meet th' brink
Ter shape out th' course, an' ter careful think
In th' early dawn w'ile th' stars still blink.

" Blocks ter talk " : the hoisting of the sails.

" Woolsey smocks " : flannel shirts.

" Souwes' chocks " : the flannel-lined ear-lappets that are attached to the sou'westers.

" Housin' th' rubber boots " : pulling them on.

" Cuddies " : forecastle.

" Windlass " : it is located forward the foremast, and is used in weighing up the anchor.

" Horn " : the hand foghorn.

" Shape out th' course " : making the grounds by chart and compass.

" Sou'wester " : a broad-brimmed oil-cloth hat with ear-lappets lined with flannel.

GAFFIN' FISH

W'EN th' tide is out er flirtin',
An' fergits ter shut its door,
An' th' happy clams are squirtin',
Playin' injine with th' shore,

An' th' kids are ripe fer junkin',
An' fer skippin' rocks an' shells,
An' fer woodin' an' fer punkin'
Bobbin' bottles in th' swells,

An' yer hear th' rats er squealin'
Frum th' black cracks in th' walls,
An' yer quizz th' tomcats stealin'
Nearer, nearer ter th' calls,

An' yer mark some ole trap histid,
Like er giddy thing on cogs,
With its body kind uv listid
T'ward th' black spiles an' th' logs,

All togged up in robes uv coal tar,
  Yaller oaker, sash's an' bow's,
P'r'aps er crimsin-pintid five-star
  Sunburs'in' its puggy nose,

Like some poor, ole primay donnay
  Thet has wobbled all her say,
Now shoved further ter th' corner
  W'ile th' daybute works her lay,

P'r'aps er ole T. D. er puffin'
  Frum er drollin' mouth er stern,
Use ter bluffin', use ter cussin',
  Use ter words I know yer 'v hern,

Then yer know time 's ripe fer gaffin'
  An' fer puntin' roun' th' docks,
Fer it 's then th' crews git chaffin'
  An' er rattlin' th' pitchforks,

Fer it 's then th' strays go slippin'
  Frum th' ole caps with er thud,
An' th' quick gaffs raise 'em drippin'
  Ter th' sly punts frum th' mud.

GAFFIN' FISH

Oh, it 's art ter watch th' sneakin'
  Uv th' puntin' through th' spiles,
Oh, it 's art ter watch th' peekin'
  Uv th' gaffers an' th' wiles,

Fer it 's thievin' pure an' simple
  An' it 's skittish work at bes',
Though th' cheek may wear th' dimple,
  An' th' eye stan' heaven's tes'.

Oh, it 's risky work er gaffin',
  Full uv duckin's, fights, an' jaws,
Full uv skuddin', full uv chaffin',
  Full uv haul-ups, full uv laws.

Fer if caught, as sure as Moses,
  Yer 'll be chucked deep in th' dump,
W'ile th' smells uv sweet June roses
  Won't c'logne up th' homeward slump.

When the trips are being taken out, often many fish slip from the pitchforks and sink to the docks. A class of young men and boys then row around in little boats, called punts, and gaff up the fish beneath the wharves and sell them. It is an illegal business, and if caught, they are subjected to a fine and imprisonment. It is operated at low tide.

"Ole trap histid": the old-fashioned shore boats that haul up on the dock flats for repairs.

"Pintid five-star": an old-fashioned emblem for decorating the ends of the bowsprits.

TORCHING HERRING

LIGHTLY they row across the bar,
Beyond the Lights like ghosts asleep,
Each flaming torch a ruby star
Illumining the ebon deep.

Each measured stroke, each oar's low dip,
Like eerie whisperings sounding clear,
So light they toss, and sway, and tip,
And thrid the lone wastes dark and drear.

O'er ev'ry bow, like death awake,
You 'll see some pale face wan and old
Bend low, as silver ripples break
And toss some finny gem of gold.

Anon some quavering voice will call,
Uncanny answers faint come back,
From graybeards pulling in the trawl,
Or dropping nets from fishing-smack.

TORCHING HERRING

As ev'ry ruby flame doth gleam
  And flash athwart the night-veiled sea,
You almost think, you almost dream,
  It is some mermen's revelry.

Or bivouac watch-lights of the weird,
  Unhappy spirits of the seas,
Above the white bones of the dead,
  Low wailing dull, sad litanies.

"Torching herring": the herring are lured to the surface of the water by torch lamps attached to the bows of the dories, and are caught with dip-nets.

P. G. DUFFY, SCRUBBER

IF yer might ter take th' walk,
  Yer can see this bit I talk,
P. G. Duffy done in chalk,
  With flerishes er wendin'
  Ware th'y comes up endin'
In this Duffy uv th' dock.

He 's th' boss, an' thet 's his sign.
Sumthin' out th' ginrul line
Is his callin', but he 's fine
  With his brooms uv stocky scrubs
  Chocked tergether ter th' hubs,
Lashed tergether stout with twine.

On his raf's, oh, fore an' af's,
Wotsoever be th' craf's,
With his pants erbove his calfs,
  An' his buckits, an' his tubs,
  An' his "Hi thar," "Hello, bubs,"
An' his guffaws an' his laughs,

P. G. DUFFY, SCRUBBER

He 's er study ter th' crew
Uv th' city folk yer view,
An' th' chappies "Haow de dew,"
  W'en they prate an' w'en they talk,
  P. G. Duffy uv th' dock
An' ole Sol jest soaks yer through.

He 's no bluff, er bull's eye straight,
Alwuz at it morn an' late,
With his gang, an' sich er gait,
  An' his rigs an' arms an' legs,
  Muscles on 'em big as kegs,
Cords like tires yer 'd inflate.

Mucky holds with bilgy stinks,
Hawser pipes with docky clinks,
Tangled chains with rusty chinks,
  Grassy hulls an' soggy keels,
  He will spick, span, head ter heels
Ere one knows it, ere one thinks.

Dowse pig iron, ballist rinse,
Fix er pen up like er fince;
Any muck he 'll bring ter sinse.
  Tag er craf' clean out ter sea
  Foams er lath'rin' up each knee,
Till yer clutched by ole suspinse.

WHARF AND FLEET

Hello! ter th' fleets an' fly
Ter er Banker rushin' by,
Sling th' painter, cock his eye,
  Leap erboard an' have it out,
  Groom 'em up fer fifty stout
E'er th' sun is in th' sky.

Rocks? ha! well, now, I should smile;
Would n't think it by his style.
All his life jest one straight file,
  Colored shirt an' dungeree,
  Cap uv way-back pedergree,
Put 'im crazy with er tile.

But he 's w'ispered in er ear,
" 'T won't be alwuz so, m' dear.
Toil is funny, keep yer cheer.
  I 'll drudge on an' w'ack th' rocks,
  Yer shall wear th' Sunday frocks."
An' he 's one uv many here.

The scrubbers are the men who contract to clean the vessels. They cleanse the hulls of weedy growths with scrub-brooms, wash the ballast, and put the holds in shape.

"Hawser pipes" are in the port and starboard of the bow; the cables are run through them.

"Fix er pen": the holds of the vessels are divided up into pens.

"Fling th' painter": the rope attached to a dory.

PACKIN' MACK'R'L

W'EN all th' cribs are in er row
Like spellin' chil'r'n smart,
An' flerishes begin ter show
In all th' figger-art,
Erpon th' w'irlin' barril-heads
An' pickly kits uv spruce,
Then hist yer salt or cry er halt,
But git yer red chalks loose.

Oh, w'en th' tubs begin ter go
Like schoolmarms prim an' pert,
An' slat th' 'zamples fas' 'n slow,
An' birch yer ter th' hurt,
An' add yer up an' fracshunize
An' sum yer in er lump,
Then spread yer salt or cry er halt,
But let yer red chalks thump.

Oh, w'en th' crowds begin ter pour,
An' all th' school is filled,
An' frum th' back desk ter th' door
Each face looks baked an' grilled,

An' all th' 'mittee men come roun'
  Ter put yer head or back,
Then screech yer biggest numbers out,
  An' make yer red chalks crack.

Oh, w'en th' 'zaminashuns done,
  An' all th' papers in
Uv all th' ones, th' twos, th' threes,
  Uv all th' figgerin',
Then ring th' bell fer endin' time,
  An' give th' brand men sway,
Th' cooper men ter flag th' chine;
  It 's recess time an' play.

See notes on "Mack'r'l Cooper."

Second verse: figuratively used for the dumping of the weighers and the packers keeping score.

Third verse: figuratively, when there is a rush of work and more than one trip is in.

After the barrels are packed and are rolled out on the wharf, the brand men with their iron burners burn the numbers of the fish and the firm's name on the barrels, or stencil the numbers and firm's name with brush and coloring.

THE FOG BELL AND WHISTLING BUOY

EASTERN POINT LIGHTHOUSE

TWO voices send a welcome cry,
Two voices through the mists and rain;
With matted locks and sunken eye,
Ho! ancient fisher, back again!
For thee, for thee, we welcomes roll.
Whoo! Whoo! Toll-toll.

Ho! gray gulls, tired, sweeping on,
Not long the fogs shall blind thy way,
Red mussels shalt thou feed upon,
Mid creamy lace that hems the bay,
But patient wait, to cheer they roll,
Whoo! Whoo! Toll-toll.

Ho! Brave young hearts that toil unseen,
We hear the creek of kelp-draped oar;
When o'er the cobble frail you lean
And pull the glistening net to shore,
Beware the reef, beware the shoal,
Whoo! Whoo! Toll-toll.

Oh! weary hearts, why wail and weep?
  Why eager watch with faces wan,
A stern-kept tryst from them we keep
  To louder cry, to sharper clang,
When cold white fogs would fierce control.
Whoo! Whoo! Toll-toll.

By day, by night, in the red light's glare,
  Each voice is heard, each form is seen,—
One alone by the tower fair,
  One in the sea enrobed in green,
While ever brave they welcomes roll.
Whoo! Whoo! Toll-toll.

"PORT ER REEK"

THE PORTO RICO TRADE

SWISH, swash, swish, swash, th' ole w'arves speak,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"
Cap'n Huntin's trip is sold,
Hundrid thous'n in th' hold,
Crews er blowin out th' gold,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"

Swish, swash, swish, swash, th' ole w'arves speak,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"
All th' fleet er kitchin' on
High line Johnnie an' his John,
Sports with Sunday breeches on,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"

Swish, swash, swish, swash, th' ole w'arves speak,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"
No more snooz'n' inter bed,
Hungry stomiks gittin' fed,
Sweethearts ready ter be wed,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"

Swish, swash, swish, swash, th' ole w'arves speak,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"
Jest er duel 'tween th' firms,
Cuttin' throats ter come ter terms,
Honer slimy as th' worms,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"

Swish, swash, swish, swash, th' ole w'arves speak,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"
Rook-town jab'rers ter th' fore,
Waybacks hurlin' back th' lore
Has Bins with th' breeches tore,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"

"PORT ER REEK"

Swish, swash, swish, swash, th' ole w'arves
speak,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"
Lifein' full th' August days,
Voicin' sweet th' dreamy haze,
Driftin' up th' harber ways,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"

Swish, swash, swish, swash, th' ole w'arves
speak,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"
Jest er soundin' key w'en strife
Sanctified th' better life,
Carnage carved with drippin' knife,
"Ho! Port Er Reek!"

Since the late war with the United States and Spain, the fishing-firms have established trade relations with Porto Rico.

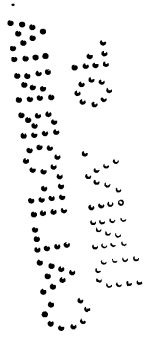
"High line": the member of a crew who stocks the highest share.

SPLITTIN' ER TRIP

ER DRIVE

W'EN two's at front an' two's at side
An' one is haulin' in,
It 's, Tommie, slat yer barvil on
An' shove th' dories in,
An', Hockey, mind th' beam 's all right,
An', Frenchy, fork an' pitch,
W'en two 's at front an' two 's at side
An' one is in th' ditch.

W'en two 's at front an' two 's at side
An' one is haulin' in,
It 's drive 'em, boys, an' slat 'em, boys,
An' bone 'em thick an' thin.
It 's tub 'em, boys, an' scrub 'em, boys,
An' wash 'em all yer worth,
W'en two 's at front an' two 's at side
An' one waits fer er birth.



SPLITTIN' ER TRIP

W'en two 's at front an' two 's at side
An' one is haulin' in,
It 's w'eel 'em, boys, an' butt 'em, boys,
An' kinch 'em thick an' thin.
It 's salt 'em, boys, an' crown 'em, boys,
An' king 'em in er row,
W'en two 's at front an' two 's at side
An' one 's ter jine th' show.

W'en all have gone frum front an' side
An' all th' haulin' in,
It 's clean up guts an' bind up cuts
An' chook yer sufferin'.
It 's pick up knives fer grub an' wives,
Fer loved ones sweet ter kiss,
It 's time fer blow an' cuds ter go,
An' pipes ter smack an' hiss.

W'en all have gone frum front an' side
An' all th' haulin' in,
It 's swipe yer spits an' souse yer mits
An' howl yer sufferin'.

It 's leave th' winds th' fall ter sag,
  Ter nag th' gibbit boot,
It 's hug yer chink fer home or drink,
  It 's plank yer heels an' scoot.

"W'en two 's at front an' two 's at side": when two vessels are at front of the wharf and two are at the side of the wharf waiting to be unloaded of fish; in wharf vernacular termed "er drive."

"Souse yer mits": washing out mittens after splitting a trip.

"Gibbit boot": the leather boot that hangs suspended from the weighing-beam.

TH' BANK FLEET

OH, w'en th' wind 's er sarcy thing,
An' never minds its ma,
An' roun' th' moon's er cirkis ring,
An' ev'ry leetle star
Has got er gran'ma by th' han',
With black veils roun' 'em tight,
It 's then yer find 'em man ter man
All ready fer th' fight.

Oh, w'en th' wind 's er tuffy kid,
An' never minds its pa,
An' licks th' dev'l fer er quid
Uv his "B. L." or "Star,"
An' jumps him down an' poun's him soun'
Until he roars with rage,
Then face ter face they batt'n down
An' peer fer ankerage.

Oh, w'en th' wind 's er drunk'n beast,
  An' scowls an' leers an' screams,
An' gits hauled up fer squirtin' yeast
  On dada Neptune's dreams,
An' spatters him an' wasteth him,
  Till ev'ry reef 's in fright,
Then face ter face th' Holy Writ
  An' Christ erbove in might.

Oh, w'en th' wind 's er crazy thing,
  All wild frum head ter foot,
An' great, black waves come tiptoein'
  Like Malay men ter loot,
Ter cut, ter slash, ter flay yer up,
  Ter drown yer up in bits,
Then man ter man they drain Hope's
    cup,
  An' gaze ware Christ he sits.

Oh, w'en th' wind 's er dead, spent thing,
  An' silent, wold an' sea,
An' wings th' land bird sweet ter sing
  Uv its Gethsemernee,

Mayhap out in its seaward flight,
Or wingin' home ter rest,
It will bring ergin th' love light
Shrined erpon its beatin' breast.

The Bank fleet sail to the following fishing-grounds off the coast of Newfoundland, namely, Western Bank, St. Peter's Bank, Le Have, Flemish Cap, Green Bank, and Grand Banks for codfish and halibut; distance from Gloucester port from eight to twelve hundred miles.

JUMPIN' ROPE

HAULIN' IN TH' HAWSER AT LOW TIDE

W'EN all th' docks er fieldy sight, say,
such er time as June,
An' in th' cabbige an' th' kelp th' minnies
gasp an' swoon,
An' all th' piers an' all th' w'arves an' all th'
fleets ride stilts,
An' all th' beacons an' th' lamps make dag-
gers with big hilts,
An' all th' crews with yep an' ho th' bodies
gait th' lope,
It 's then th' homin' craf's git stuck an' phos-
phers jump at rope.

Oh, 't is er pleasin' time ter watch, say, w'en
th' sun 's gone down
Ter escort up th' easty deep th' lady moon
ter town,

With all her baggige an' her trunks strapped
tight behind th' clouds,
All full uv silver petticoats an' robes with
trailin' shrouds,
Ter watch th' hawsers 'gin ter swing er space
'twixt spile an' prow,
An' watch th' phospher chil'r'n come an' jump
erroun' an' bow.

I bet they jump er thousan', ere th' spile lets
go its han',
I bet they laugh er thousan', if we could but
understan',
Ter see such merry, happy things so full uv
life an' love,
So full uv such perliteness ter th' lady moon
erbove,
Er lookin' down an' smilin' ter th' happy feet
er trip,
As high an' low, now to an' fro, th' great
rope lif's ter drip.

I bet they have er merry time until comes
back ter shore
Th' gaddin' tide, brimful uv news uv wot th'
sea-nymphs wore,

Uv wot th' mermen said ter it er flirtin' on
th' deep,
Till tired out th' crews let go, an' th' chil'r'n
fall ersleep,
An' up th' homin' craf' comes in ter hug th'
cap an' kiss,
An' take er look erroun' er bit if anything 's
gone 'miss.

When the tide is out and a vessel cannot make the wharf, a hawser line is run out from the vessel and attached to some pile; then the crew gradually haul her in.

"Fieldy sight": the green vegetable growth left on the dock flats at the receding of the tide; in wharf vernacular termed "cabbige."

"Minnies": small tiny fish, called minnows.

"Ride stilts": reflections of the piles at low tide. As the hawser lifts and drips and the crew hauls upon it, the phosphor at night gleams most beautifully.

WASHIN' OUT

WOT 's th' rackit all erbout?
Orders come ter wash 'em out.
Hus'le up, then, shake th' sun,
Work erpon th' w'arf 's begun.

Pull yer soggy mitt'ns on,
Sollie, Hockey, Jake, an' John.
Let th' dories easy slip.
Hi there! butts uv Kinney's trip.

Stack 'em up ergin th' shed,
Bellies down'rd, tail an' head.
Leave er gangway 'gin th' cap
Full er foot an' half er lap.

Hus'le up an' shake th' sun,
W'ack yer cuds an' tack th' fun,
Thump yer red-jacks, blart yer blow,
Let th' ole w'eel w'iz an' go.

WHARF AND FLEET

Rattle up them rusty picks,
Dowse that salt there red as bricks,
Hus'le up there, shake th' sun,
Work erpon th' w'arf 's begun.

In washing out a trip of fish, dories are used and filled with salt water, the fish being scrubbed and cleansed with brushes.

"Ole w'eel w'iz an' go": an automatic wheel on the wharf used to draw up the salt water.

THE STEVEDORE

I CAN hear his cries
As the great tubs rise,
As the great tubs fall,
Where the shrouds grim fret,
Like a statue set,
I can hear him call.

On the platform's shaft,
Like a floating raft,
I can see him sway,
As he peers and looks,
While the great black hooks
Speed down their way.

'Twixt the mighty spars
And the furled yards' bars,
Like a thing in air,
'Bove the white steam plumes,
In the gray air's rooms,
Like a spirit there.

'Bove the mighty deck,
Like a flutt'ring speck,
  I can see him reach
For the tricky fall,
While the gulls shrill call
  And the rain loons screech.

When the Cadiz ships
Kiss the harbor's lips
  Like an Old World's dream,
And the Trapani barks
From foreign larks
  In the sunsets gleam,

I can hear him call
'Bove the white salt's fall,
  'Bove the wheeler's cries,
Like a statue set
In the sparkling fret
  And the dreaming skies.

When the coaliers roll
'Twixt each fierce wave's goal,
  Like the ghost of Cain,
Through the still fog's mist
Drifts his smothered hist
  Like that soul in pain.

Then I hear his cry
Like a long dead sigh
  For the blight he bore;
Then I hear him call
As the black jets fall
  With their rush and roar.

When the great tramps lag
With a mighty sag,
  And, like Pisa's own,
Their black stacks lean,
With each smoke drift seen
  Like black plumes blown,

And the English Jack
Prouds the windward tack
  To the dwarfing pier,
I can hear him call
'Bove the white salt's fall
  And the steam mist's tear.

In the burning heats,
In the cutting sleets,
  In the freezing snows,
In the roar of storms,
In the melting warms,
  In the checkless blows.

WHARF AND FLEET

I can see him stand
Where the masts weird band,
  And the wharves grim lock,
Where the tackles swing,
And the shrouds grim sing,
  And the rain loons talk.

"Stevedore": the man employed in the loading and the unloading of the vessels.

"Tubs": salt and coal are discharged in tubs through the steam motive power of the lighters.

"Platform's shaft": the platform on which the stevedore stands is extended from the top of the sheds.

"Tricky fall": the tackle.

"Cadiz ships," "Trapani barks": ships from the salt ports of Cadiz and Trapani from which salt is imported.

"Wheeler's cries": the salt is wheeled in wheelbarrows to the sheds.

"Great tramps lag": the salt steamers termed "tramps."

"Pisa's own": the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

"Masts weird band": when a large fleet is in.

GEORGIE COD

YER may prate yer cult fer Brownin'
With er fine dissectin' taste,
Fer th' Injee lore uv Kiplin'
Yer may w'ack it on with paste;
But fer er vivisectin'
Uv th' English with er prod,
In this world uv butt an' red jack,
It is th' Georgie Cod.

Not th' leetle, not th' mejum,
Not th' pickled bank m' praise,
Not th' heavy saltid pollick
That will seat yer out yer stays,
Not th' sneaky hake so tuffy
Yer jest meller it ter fits,
Or th' ole shore cusk so puffy
Yer disrobe it down in bits;

But er trip uv deep-finned soakers
Plump uv Georgie Cod ter stay
Will refine th' biggest croakers
On this side uv God's own bay.

Th' th' blossom uv th' skinner
W'en he bunches up his pile;
Th' th' Firm's finanshul orkid,
An' they wear 'em with er smile.

Georgie Cod is the most remunerative fish to handle; the favorite of the fish-skinners.

"Butt": a large hogshead of the wharf.

"Red jacks": the heavy red leather boots of the fishermen and wharf hands.

"Leetle," "mejum," "pickled bank": names and ratings of some of the fish.

THE EASTERLY

THE fleets in the harbor heave listless and dull;
The fog's ghostly arbor shrouds topmast and hull;
The signals flash weirdly, though cursed by a doom;
While the sea stretches out a chaos of gloom.

The crews they are calling like phantoms at bay;
The cold hail, dull falling, the dazed waters flay;
A gull screams in anger, her eerie course hid;
While, sullen and silent, night glares like a Cid.

Then a wrangle of hell she quickly begins;
She sullens each swell with her dark mutterings.

The fogs warn aloft to their cohorts of mist;
While, like fiends assembling, the rising winds
list.

Then, like a wild crying for nothing to gain,
Or moans of the dying upheaped mid the slain,
The swirl of the sea-swells commingle the
din,
As, baffled and blinded, they madly rush in.

I blow out the lamp-wick that blindeth the
light,
And, pierced to my heart's quick, I hie to the
fight.
My cheeks like the crimson I see in the slain,
My heart full of tears like the rain on the
pane.

I doff on my greatcoat, my storm-boots, and
all,
And haste where the winds flout the storm-
spirit's call,
And weeds' rough-shorn tresses leap living
the piles,
Far in with the wharf dusk, the waves, and
their wiles.

THE EASTERLY

I plunge through the night-mists, a hell in the air.
Their breaths drip my dank wrists and dampen my hair,
And clammily my throat grows wet with the lick
Of easterlies rising fierce, sullen, and quick.

I cry to the lone cries afloat in the storm,
I moan for the cold heart and cheer for the warm.
Be it man, be it bird, how lost on the sea,
I cry, "Oh, my God, find them thy Galilee!"

TH' NIPPER WOMAN

I SEE her black shawl mid th' butts
Clutched tight erpon her breast,
I see her black cloud full uv ruts
Er shamin' off its best,
I see her pinched an' wrinkled face
Er quizzin' uv th' crew,
An' this ter-night is ole Mart Place,
That once wuz Marthay True.

I see her lookin' down th' deck
Ter git some welcome nod,
Or still perchance th' courage beck
Ter put her feet erboard.
I know her arms are tired out
Er holdin' uv th' string,
Fer ev'ry one is knittid stought
Ter pace th' haddickin'.

Oh, Marthay True uv long ergo,
  Could you have looked ter see
Yer rosy cheeks an' eyes erglow
  Come cryin' back ter thee,
Could you have looked ter see each braid
  Thin twistid stran's uv snow,
I know yer would ter God have prayed
  Fer ankrige long ergo.

Oh, Marthay True that bird-like sang,
  An' twined th' red rose high,
An' bade my boyhood's heart ter hang
  Er love-light in thine eye,
Could you have known th' years would fling
  Yer, strandid wreck uv Time,
Ter sell with ev'ry knittid ring
  Er dead heart's silent chime,

Er Nipper woman in th' cold,
  Unnoticed an' ferlorn,
Mid fisher faces sad an' bold,
  With hearts bruised like yer own,
I know yer would ter God have prayed
  Fer ankrige long ere this,
Than rather been by Fate errayed
  Er thing fer chance ter kiss.

Oh, Marthay True, we laugh an' woo,
  An' twine th' red rose high,
An' prate, an' tell what we will do,
  With laughter in our eye;
But way down in our hearts we know
  Time 's but er fickle thing,
An' ere life's winds begin ter blow
  Come grief an' sufferin'.

Oh, Marthay True, we laugh an' woo,
  An' twine th' red rose high,
An' prate, an' tell what we will do,
  With laughter in our eye;
But soon, too soon, our castles fall,
  Our gay ships drink th' sea,
An' what should been joy's merry call
  Jest tears fer memory.

Oh, Marthay True, God wot that thou
  Meet luck with all th' fleet,
An' if er kind word will endow
  I 'll speak it quick an' neat.
I know er fisher's tender spot
  Is ankered in his heart,
Fer once with Christ they threw th' lot,
  An' hauled er goodly part.

TH' NIPPER WOMAN

Oh, Marthay True, yer tale is told.
  Th' hearts are tried an' staunch,
An' they have trawled er sum uv gold
  Ter speed yer in joy's launch.
God wot that thou mayst happy be.
  Jest keep yer sad heart bright,
An' He will steer yer down Life's sea
  Ter find Hope's port erlight.

Nipper woman: one of a class of women who knit and sell to the crews of the fleet the woollen nippers worn to prevent chafing of the fishing lines. It is an industry pursued in the winter and sold to the firms and the crews in the early spring, at the fitting out or in the fall at the "shifting of voyages."

Nippers: when the trawl gets caught, — "hung up," in fishing vernacular, — mittens are removed and the trawls are hauled in with a pair of nippers, bracelets of knitted wool or cloth held in the palm of the hand, creased to allow of a better hold of the line.

THE OLD WHARF-BUTTS

THE barrels they just pine to flirt,
The flakes when crossed get slatty,
The packing-boxes flashy, curt,
The beam is sly and ratty;
But for a race of stanch old puts
Always the same give me the butts.

They are the yeomen of the soil,
The firm's own Handy Andys,
Whose fat old bellies mark its toil,
Its sand and wide expanses, —
These good old, brave old, stanch old puts,
Always the same the gray old butts.

They are the burghers of the sheds,
The scarred cap's rotund Dutchies,
The solid chums the red-jack heads,
The wharf-hand grips and clutches, —
These good old, brave old, stanch old puts,
Always the same the gray old butts.

THE OLD WHARF-BUTTS

They are the kings the harbor round,
  Whose crystal coronals you view,
Imperial by Cadiz crowned
  Or Trapani 'neath skies of blue, —
These good old, brave old, stanch old puts,
Always the same the gray old butts.

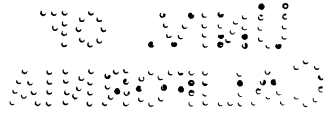
They are the prophets and the saws,
  The prosperous vouchers one can greet,
Or Time's revealers of Life's laws
  When on some wharf rough ways did
    meet, —
These good old, brave old, stanch old puts,
Always the same the gray old butts.

DRYIN' TIME

OH, w'en th' wind an' sun 's at tag,
An' all th' rain-cry 's done,
An' wing th' gulls ermong th' hulls
With laughter an' with fun,
W'en all th' scrubbin' boards are out
With Neptune's gals erglow,
Then hang up lines, fer right th' signs
Fer dryin' time an' blow.

Oh, in th' stream it is ter dream
An' watch th' dryin' go,
Ter see th' swart an' fereign wives
Hang frill an' ferbelo,
Th' ole-world lingerie uv Time,
Frum topmas' yard an' peak,
Ter lead yer heart up ter th' door
An' crave er boon an' speak.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



DRYIN' TIME

Oh, in th' stream it is ter dream
  An' watch th' home lines sway,
Ter mark each dainty over-dress,
  Each bonnit cute an' gay,
Th' big an' roomy mother sheets
  Er swingin' o'er each stern,
An' see th' socks an' patched-up things
  High ware th' sign'ls burn.

Oh, in th' stream it is ter dream
  An' watch all day th' glee,
Ter hear 'em flap with blow an' snap
  At moorin' chain er lea.
Ter foller, foller with th' wind
  Until th' poles come down,
An' pins an' lines fade in th' shines
  Uv beac'n lights an' town.

After a heavy rain or spell of easterly weather, one of the most picturesque scenes of the harbor is the hanging of the hoisted and half-hoisted sails from all sorts of crafts to dry in the coming forth of the sun.

"Swart an' fereign wives": the Cadiz ships and Trapani barks.

"Socks an' patched-up things": the drying clothes of the crews.

THE SHORE FISHERMEN

THE great waves rocked them to and fro,
The mad winds tossed their locks of snow,
And wailing in their ears cried, "Woe,
Woe, woe, ahead, pale fishermen.

"Woe, woe, woe, woe, whither thou row.
The night grows dark, cold falls the snow;
The reefs are bare, no farther go;
Turn back, turn back, pale fishermen.

"Woe, woe, woe, woe, creak, creak, creak, creak,"
The oars reply to winds that speak;
"They bid us on their dories leak.
Stay, stay these mad pale fishermen."

No stars came out, the fierce winds blew,
Like ghosts of birds the salt sprays flew,
An' phosphors hissed as bows plunged through;
Still fearless rowed the fishermen.

THE SHORE FISHERMEN

They found one face in sea-weeds white,
Two faces stared the beacon light, —
One frozen 'neath the Brace Cliff's height, —
And four crones mourned the fishermen.

Above the sea they made their bed,
A stake they placed at foot and head,
And on the stake these words I read
An old crone traced with gull's blood red,
"Here sleepeth four pale fishermen."

FILLIN' TH' WATER-BARRELS

W'EN th' topmas' is er beavered
With er buckit slant its crown,
Like er boozey tickit man'ger
Or er merry laughin' clown;

W'en th' crews are all er hootin'
An' er racin' roun' th' deck,
Like er pack uv tum'lin' chil'r'n,
Like as 'nough ter break th' neck, —

Then yer know some craf' is thirsty,
An' is ripe ter take its fill
With its mash, ole Aquay Puray,
An' its chum ole Wenham Still.

Oh, they pipe 'em in th' highway,
An' they swig 'em close ter shore,
An' I would that there were only
Jest such swiggers an' no more.

FILLIN' TH' WATER-BARRELS

Oh, how light would be th' sorrers
  Uv th' many hearts, jest think,
Mashin' sports like Aquay Puray,
  Mashin' luves like Wenham Brink!

The sail water-boats of the fleet bear the names of Aqua Pura and Wenham Lake.

SWEEPIN' TH' FLAKES IN WINTER

TALK uv sweepin' on er Friday,
  Shakin' mats an' dustin' roun',
W'y, er scrubbin' wench ain't in it
  W'en th' powder snows come roun', —

W'en th' powdery snows like flour
  Does th' make up ac' an' shakes
Forty million dredgin'-boxes
  In th' wrinkles uv th' flakes;

Makin' Gilsy's w'arf er Banquo,
  Kiley's place er Hamlit's pa,
Ole Bill Jarmin's shack er faintin'
  Scared-ter-death Cordeliah;

Packin' all th' hake an' haddick,
  All th' cod an' all th' shack,
Inter dreamy beds uv silence
  Tight tergither, back ter back;

SWEEPIN' FLAKES IN WINTER

Makin' crooked-leg Tim an' Sanders,
  Stiff-legged Prot an' surly Kile,
W'eezin' jest like nags with glanders,
  Do th' tight rope ac's th' w'ile;

Red Jacks squeakin', thumpin', creakin',
  Swayin' frames, an' bucklin' slats,
Till ole Sol, disgustid, hollers,
  "Ah, come off, yer wot yer ats!

"Ah, come off, yer clumsy Bridgits,
  Tumble down an' take er leap.
You he wenches don't know nuth'n';
  Let me show yer how ter sweep!"

An' with one long dash, er dandy,
  Never mortal wench could do,
He jest does th' biggest sweepin',
  Fit fer any gilt-edged crew.

The flakes are generally swept after the dry powder-like snows come down.

"Banquo": a character in "Macbeth."

"Hamlit's pa": the King.

"Cordeliah": the youngest and favorite daughter of King Lear.

BAITING UP

RINGS the deck with life and song,
  Baiting up for one more trip,
Thinning out the rusting thong,
  Weighting down the hookèd lip,
While a wind unseen in air,
  Haunting shroud and listless sail,
Hovers round ten men of care,
  Whisp'ring like a phantom pale.

Bait the hook and knot the gange,
  Coil and heap the snaky twist,
Glist'ning with the scalèd mange,
  Hubbled with the shuttling fist.
Slive and knot and hook and heap,
  Speed the jest and ring the laugh.
Seas are rolling just as deep,
  Hope 's a phantom best at half.
Slive the hook and fast the knot,
  Round them up and tub the trawl.
Fate 's a-laughing at the lot,
  Death is jesting at it all.

BAITING UP

Lone a wharf and dark a day,
  Still an air and red lips pale,
While a wind upon its way,
  Like a deaf mute, signs the gale,
To the black ledge, through the limb,
  To a dead heart hope bereft,
All there is of them and him,
  All that toiling hope has left.

Rusts the hook and rots the gange,
  Slimed the tangled snaky twist,
Floating far the scalèd mange,
  White and cold the hubbled fist,
Black and grim the hook and knot,
  Jest and laughter all are still,
While Fate flits a spirit lot,
  Ten white ghosts where waves may will.
Bare the hook and loose the knot,
  Tangled, torn, the tubbèd trawl,
Fate a-laughing at the lot,
  Death the jester of it all.

"Gange": the short hooked lines attached to the main line, baited with slivers either of squid, alewives, or herring.

"Coil and heap the snaky twist": the form in which the trawl is coiled into the tubs.

OLE FATHER KIFE

OLE Father Kife is come ter town,
With 'barrer green an' horn uv brown,
An' lobsters hot an' steamin'.
He 's got six towils o'er th' show.
Toot, toot, toot, toot, jest hear him blow,
An' watch his blue eyes gleamin'.

Full six good, stubby miles he 's come,
His red jacks coatid o'er with gum
Uv damp sea kelp an' weed.
Th' salt sea brine is in his hair,
Yer scent it through him ev'ryware,
It luves him so ter greed.

Full six good, stubby miles he 's come,
Er cud uv baccer 'twixt each gum
Ter nerish him er w'eelin',
W'ile, dancin' in each bright blue eye,
Yer 'll catch th' light uv Truths swung high,
Undimmed ter all wrong dealin'.

OLE FATHER KIFE

Ole Father Kife can make er prayer
At haulin' time or on th' Square,
  An' sen' th' hymns er singin',
W'ile makin' change or passin' out
Th' steamin' lobsters, red an' stout,
  Ter jingly nick'ls ringin'.

Some day, w'en swif' through heaven's foam
Death's pale w'ite shallop sails him home,
  An' angels wing erside him,
I know th' light he 's hung through life,
That 's twinkled high 'bove ev'ry strife,
  Will tend'ly watch an' guide him.

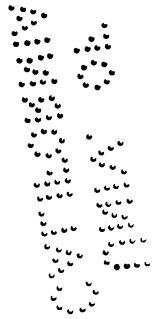
An' at that haven w'ence each soul
Must find, at last, Hope's restin' goal,
  With all its lights er glowin',
I know, if in th' throngs I press,
Or fer way back ermid th' less,
  I 'll hear his horn still blowin'.

"Square": name of a portion of East Gloucester.

TH' GEORGIE FLEET

UNDER th' scream uv th' gulls,
Under th' talk uv th' rains,
Upstagger th' Georgie hulls,
Down rattle th' Georgie chains.
Spindrif' like g'osts in th' air,
Dyin' like g'osts in each wake,
Firms hungry waitin' th' share,
Skippers an' crews on th' make.

Shiein' th' toots uv th' tugs,
Haughty er wavin' th' plumes,
Clearin' th' channel with lugs,
Jawin' th' sheets an' th' booms.
Spindrif' like g'osts in th' air,
Dyin' like g'osts in each wake,
Firms hungry waitin' th' share,
Skippers an' crews on th' make.



Tackin' an' rufflin' th' spiles,
  Flutin' th' knees uv th' shore,
Cuttin' th' stream inter styles,
  Bias line, curve, sweep, an' gore.
Spindrif' like g'osts in th' air,
  Dyin' like g'osts in each wake,
Firms hungry waitin' th' share,
  Skippers an' crews on th' make.

Talkin' th' caps'n, hello!
  Warm with th' home harth, an' wool
Measurin' answers an' slow,
  Souwesters lurched with er pull.
Spindrif' like g'osts in th' air,
  Dyin' like g'osts in each wake,
Firms hungry waitin' th' share,
  Skippers an' crews on th' make.

Out in th' dusk an' th' dark,
  Sign'ls flashin' er peak,
I, frum th' land gloom hush, hark,
  W'ile through th' rain talk they speak.

Spindrif' like g'osts in th' air,
Dyin' like g'osts in each wake,
Firms hungry waitin' th' share,
Skippers an' crews on th' make.

Second verse: the tugs keeping open the channel of the harbor.

"Tackin' an' ruffiin' th' spiles": the swirl and swell of the waves lashing against the piles of the wharf.

"Spiles": the wharf pronunciation for piles.

"Talkin' th' caps'n, hello!": calling of the crews to friends on the wharves.

The Georges Fleet sail to Georges Banks for codfish and halibut, a distance from port of a hundred and fifty to two hundred miles. In wharf vernacular, pronounced "Georgies."

Georges Bank: it is on the westerly shoals of Georges where the best fishing is found. In some places scarcely more than two fathoms of water cover these shoals, and in the gales and storms the vessels find no mercy. It is here where so many disasters occur; it is the graveyard of the fishermen.

TH' HEAD MAN

"DRIVER! driver!" Th' head man is ringin'.
"Driver! driver!" Th' echoes ring back.
"Driver! driver!" Th' torches flare, flingin'
G'osts frum th' gloom ware black butts upstack.

"Driver! driver!" Th' sharp blades sink deeper.
"Driver! driver!" Th' cold bellies slip.
"Driver! driver!" Ter hell with th' sleeper
Who 'd snore w'en fleets are snarlin' th' rip.

"Driver! driver! yer life be one daytime.
Driver! driver! or take boots an' git.
Driver! driver! an' waller th' cold slime.
Driver! driver! yer sports in th' pit.

"Driver! driver! yer bluffers uv ole men,
Shiv'rin', croonin' with locks w'ite an' gray.
Driver! driver! yer fakes in th' open
Hidin' yer slack 'neath awn's uv th' stay'.

"Driver! driver! I'm boss uv this hus'le.
Up ter th' scratch or take boots an' quick.
Wot if yer hearts are sick uv th' tussle,
Plenty 's waitin' who won't growl an' kick."

"Head man": the foreman of the wharf.

"Driver": the wharf term used to urge the men to cover a certain limit of work.

"Torches": the torches are suspended above the butts when night work is on.

"Sports in th' pit": the crews pitching out fish in the holds of the vessels.

"Awn's uv th' stay": staysails forming awnings.

AT THE HAULING UP

WHEN black scales rot where hawsers hitch,
And wind-swept hags in topsail bags
Snarl, "Kitch, kitch, kitch,"
And Hecates in ghoul-robed shrouds
Flit fog-pressed seas and sullen clouds
And pitch, pitch, pitch,
It 's then the service of the catch,
It turns its key in Time's stern latch.

Then wends a congregation past
With sheaves half bound to pipes that sound
In hands clutched fast.
The pilgrim pale from Iceland's shore,
The wayfarer from Labrador,
With gaunt forms cast
Their rosaries of griefs to show
To chant with trembling voices low.

Then sweeps the congregation in
To cymbal clash of seas that splash
To own each sin.
The youth from far Newfoundland's shore
Whose mother waits him at the door
To lead him in,
To bow on knees and ask in prayer
Forgotten things when life was fair.

Then sweeps the congregation in
To banner clash of sails that lash
And culverin.
The racers lone of Georgie's shoals,
That graveyard grim of drowned men's souls,
To greet their kin,
The foam wreaths of the spectral race
Still damp upon each staring face.

Then kneels the congregation down.
In fadeless ways of yesterdays
Flits far the frown.
The priest of Peace signs sweet release
To wait and watch with love's surcease
Hope's fadeless gown,
To drift again each darkling sea
With Love's own sweetest litany.

AT THE HAULING UP

Ah! God of mine, I cry thee, halt!
The tears fall down my cheeks of brown,
My heart turns salt.
Like Lot, my blood congeals and hards,
My beakers are but broken shards.
Ah, hear each fault,
And soothe these spirits of the gale
That come to me when dead years wail.

"Hauling up": when the catch is over and the vessels are moored to winter quarters, or when "shifting voyages."

"In topsail bags": when the topsails are not furled and are blown by the wind, they have a bag-like form.

SPREAD'N' TIME

ER lowry day does vary well
  Fer splitt'n' or fer head'n',
But, mark me, fer these truths I tell,
  'T wull never do fer spread'n'.

No matter haow yer fish m' lay
  On clean new flakes or mussay,
Yer gut ter have er sunny day
  Ter tough 'em rich an' glussay.

Er dampy wind with easty sough,
  Er wet new monay drizzle
Thet consumps man as well as caow
  Will make er spread er fizzle.

No matter if yer awnin' 's up,
  All bellied w'ite an' windy,
Yer might as well pull on th' scup,
  An' chuck yer plans ter shindy.

SPREAD'N' TIME

All knaow each hour makes th' man,
  An' swells er w'arf hands dow'r,
An' helps ter fill his Sunday can
  With fi'ry, horse-rate pow'r.

But, bless yer stars an' shoot yer gun,
  Ter have 'n A one spread'n',
Yer gut ter have er laugh'n' sun,
  Er westy sky er head'n'.

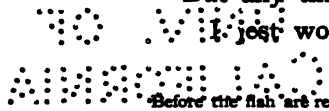
Yer gut ter have th' boxes daown
  Er beehive 'n' th' shadders,
Say sich er time w'en lintsy daown
  Goes roamin' frisky gadders.

Yer gut ter have er day, say, w'en
  Th' linnit caps th' this'le,
An' shouts fer joy ercross th' fen
  Ter Bobby W'ite's sly w'is'le.

Yer gut ter git er luvy time,
  W'en yaller birds cernary,
An' up th' sunflow'rs merry climb,
  An' robins peck th' cherry.

Yer gut ter have er time w'en bees
  Are honeyin' th' cluver,
Say, sich er time w'en foamy seas
  Roll back th' laugh'n' luver.

So, mark me, fer these truths I tell,
  Er sunny day fer spread'n',
But any time 'twixt here an' — well,
  I jest won't say fer head'n'.



Before the fish are ready for market or shipment, they are spread upon the flakings and dried, being protected from the hot rays of the sun with cotton-cloth awnings.

"Boxes daown": the boxes are made of wood, and when not covering the made-up fish are stored under the flakes.

DRYING THE SEINES

HOT with breaths of the steaming vats,
The night-dyed seines they merry store,
Then swing aloft with tar-grimmed hats
To dry the drift along the shore.
Arms akimbo of tannèd brawn,
Throats and chests of the nomad's blush,
They ride away at early dawn,
Sweet with the voicing songs of thrush.

Over the hubbles and o'er the hills
Spangling still with tears of night,
Echoing sweet with the lilting rills,
Fanned by waking wings in flight,
They laugh at toil on the hummocked rifts,
And jest at care and the gales,
While the gull at sea, a wild rose, drifts
To music of hoisting sails.

WHARF AND FLEET

Over the hills and into the calms
  Of meadow-lands old with age,
They heave the seine with their brawny arms
  To the creaking roller's gage,
Till the black rack stands a lonely thing,
  And the hoisting sails grow dim,
And the bird comes back with tired wing
  In the full day's glowing rim.

And the tears of night are dry and set
  In the veils and meshes fine,
While the black rack jolts like living jet
  Down the landscape's low incline.
And arms akimbo and chests of brawn
  Again in the hot vats steam,
Till ready the rift for oar and horn,
  And the schools like rainbows gleam.

The seines, after first being knitted, are colored by extracts of either hemlock or cutch, which gives to them the brown effect. For black effect, they are, in seining-business vernacular, "steamed tarred," being treated with a solution of tar and water constantly steamed. Then they are stored into large hay-racks loaded and unloaded through the motive power of a wooden roller attached to the back of the rack. They are dried by spreading them evenly over some field or level country.

THE BURIAL AT SEA

LIKE the surge of a mighty forest
No man has ever trod,
The rattlings ring, the shrouds grim sing,
The wind-beat pennons nod.
The night clouds 'bove each topmast height
Like dark-stoled demons speed;
The waves uplift, like faces white,
Concealing some dark deed.

With em'rald signals blazing
And garnet signals red
Like droves of grim beasts grazing
Upon the ocean's bed,
The fisher-fleet lay huddled,
With cables making moan,
O'er gear and ropes all muddled
The sad crews work alone.

By a cuddy's fire blazing
A group of fishers stand,
And watch stern Death slow glazing
Eyes turned toward heaven's strand.
They hear the winds go wailing
Athrough the starless waste,
And watch the black clouds sailing
Like life-boats in their haste.

"At anchor comrades are we.
How wild th' winds do blow!
Jest hear th' angels callin'; see
How fair th' w'ite wings show.
I 'm tired, tired, sailin';
I long ter go ter sleep."
And two eyelids by death paling
Fall fringed with lashes deep.

By a cuddy's fire blazing
A group of fishers stand,
Like gentle women raising
A form with nerveless hand.
O'er a rough bunk lowly bending,
They bow each care-worn face,
While a comrade low is sending
To heaven this strange grace, —

"O Father, in this awful night,
Erlone upon th' deep,
Surrender we all earthly right
Ter Jim there fas' t' sleep.
We 'd ruther had him die at home
With loved ones sweet ter cheer,
An' buried ware th' song-birds roam
Than in th' deep so drear.

"O Father, Jim could never bluff
Like us th' trawl an' oar;
His place should been fer frum th' rough.
Right him on heaven's shore.
Wuz pretty good at tender words,
As gentle as er lamb.
His voice wuz like th' song uv birds,
He loathed all outward sham.

"Now, Father, give us strength ter drop
Poor Jim down in th' deep.
An', Father, w'en his heart did stop,
Yer sure his soul yer keep.
Yer loved th' fishers long ergo,
Yer calmed er stormy deep,
Then give ter us er little show,
An' right Jim fas' ter sleep.

"An', Father, ev'ry bit that Jim
  Did earn in this dark trip
We 'll give ter her as if frum him,
  His wife, er wee girl slip.
We 'll tell her how he happy died,
  An' heard sweet angels sing,
An' how he faced with such brave pride
  Th' unseen death can bring."

Like the surge of a mighty forest
  No man has ever trod
The rattlings ring, the shrouds grim sing,
  The wind-beat pennons nod.
The night clouds 'bove each topmast height
  Like dark-stoled demons speed
The waves uplift, like faces white,
  Concealing some dark deed.

'Neath em'rald signals blazing
  And garnet signals bright,
Sad fishermen are raising
  A canvas coffin white.
Up through the sea-drenched gangway,
  Across the sea-drenched deck,
To where the wild waves swirl and play,
  And seem the dead to beck.

THE BURIAL AT SEA

Beside the trembling rattlings,
  Mid trawl and tangled gear,
Tossed by the wind that wails and sings,
  They lift their messmate dear.
Over the foam-tossed railing
  They lift the canvas light,
With a fisher's face out-paling
  The foam-decked billows white.

Down in the green gulfs yawning
  Like hideous cradles deep,
With the birth of an heavenly morning
  Sweet pictured in his sleep,
Down through the white foams wreathing
  Crowns on his tired head,
Mid seething phosphors breathing,
  They give to God the dead.

"TH' SPIDER AN' TH' FLY"

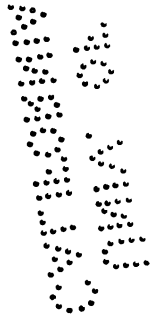
DRIVIN' TH' SPILES; BUILDIN' TH' W'ARVES

W'EN yer see er string uv spilin'
Like er squad uv sojers filin',
An' er ole mud scow er smilin'
Ter th' fore,

An' er dock once big an' roomy
Looks down-heartid, sad, an' gloomy,
An' er tide sweeps not so bloomy
As before,

Then yer know th' fly an' spider
Is ter fight ergin an' pride 'er,
Oh, this doughty ole four-sider
Uv er Boer.

Oh, enthroned erbove th' ladder,
Yer can mark th' spider's shadder,
Watch his majesty grow madder,
Dart an' cling.



"TH' SPIDER AN' TH' FLY"

See th' fly spiles git erfruntid,
Shrink th' farther dazed an' stuntid
Spirits broke an' wits all bluntid
With his spring.

W'ile erroun' th' w'arf an' cappin'
Yer can mark th' kids er gappin',
Hol'rin', laughin', sarcin', clappin',
W'en some ole fly's life goes sappin'
Frum er sting.

Jest er sayin', sweet an' joyous,
Youth still makes ter live out fer us,
Fun still makes ter blend an' chorus
Through th' years.

Jest er fadeless bit uv vishun
Frum our childhood's lore elishun,
Tellin' hearts with stern precishun,
Swif' th' years.

Jest er sayin', sweet an' cheery,
W'en our tired hearts were merry,
An' our mothers called us dearie
With her fears,

Jest as loved as "Ring er Rounder,"
Tumblin' tag ter kitch an' flounder,
W'en th' iron rings its sounder
Birthin' piers.

In building a wharf, the piles are first inserted into holes made in the dock, then after being carefully inserted and put in shape, they are driven down to a certain point by a heavy iron weight suspended from the top of the scow.

"Fly an' spider": figuratively used when the heavy iron weight ("th' spider") strikes the top of the pile ("th' fly"). An old saying, long handed down by the fisher-folk.

"Ring er Rounder": an old-time game of the long ago.

The piles are of hemlock, the capping of oak.

WEIGHIN' OFF ER TRIP

'TWIXT hull an' cap
It 's yep an' yap,
It 's bluff 'em, boys, an' praise 'em.
With plungin' prongs,
It 's speed th' songs,
An' let th' baskits raise 'em.

It 's fork 'em in,
An' hist like sin;
It 's damn th' tackle's antic;
It 's blood th' beams,
An' drench th' seams,
An' red th' ole Atlantic.

It 's slash th' cuts,
It 's heap th' guts,
It 's blood th' blades an' ghout 'em,
It 's fin 'em down
Like hell ter town,
An' let th' pitchers scoot 'em.

With lax ter charms
It 's bare th' arms,
An' bulge th' muscles swellin',
An' frame th' lark
Uv Injee mark
In lifein' veins er wellin'.

Oh, weighin' off
Is "ratty toff,"
Or pious square at checks,
W'en trips are in,
An' toil means "tin,"
An' dories nes' th' decks.

"Weighin' off": taking out a trip of fish.

"Plungin' prongs": pitchforks used in forking up the fish.

"Baskits raise 'em": when weighing off a trip of fish, the fish are drawn up in baskets.

"Beams"; the weighing scales.

"Slash th' cuts": splitting open the fish.

"Blood th' blades an' ghout 'em": the dripping of the blood from the splitting-knives.

"Fin 'em down": boning the fish down the back.

"Pitchers": the men who fork up the fish with pitchforks.

"Dories nes' th' decks": when the dories are stored one inside the other on deck.

TH' LOST TRAWLERS

WE saw th' dories fade erway,
As swif' th' current swep',
An' watched th' forms fade in th' gray,
So dark th' shadders crep'.
We saw th' ice-bird wing its flight
Ter some dark reef ter cling,
An' saw lone Sable's far-'way light
Flash 'bove th' moon's pale ring.

We watched th' swells upheave an' fall
An' floatin' seaweeds kiss,
An' heard th' hagdons snarl an' call
Erbove th' phosphor's hiss.
We looked into each other's face,
An' woe spake unto woe.
Despair's grim outline could we trace,
As only death can show.

Th' dory frail would pitch an' sway,
  Th' rowlocks shif' an' creak;
Th' oars would bend as if at bay,
  W'en up th' waves would leap.
Th' swells would lif' 'em high in air,
  Then plunge 'em out uv sight;
Th' spray would drench th' dank brown hair,
  An' sweep th' faces w'ite.

Ah, God, it was er piteous sight
  Ter see 'em drif' erlong,
Ter see such faces wan an' w'ite
  Ever so firm an' strong,
Ter see brave men like helpless things
  Erpon th' treach'rous deep,
Jest toys ter play th' wind that sings,
  An' seas that crawl an' creep.

We sent er shout, we sent er cheer,
  But, oh, like g'osts they fled.
Th' darkness it was drawin' near,
  An' day would soon be dead.

TH' LOST TRAWLERS

We sent er prayer, we changed our course,
Till night like doom came down.
We floatid here, we floatid there,
Then sailed fer Gloster town.

When the crews go out to set their trawls, they row out in their dories and circle the vessel in all directions. Two men man a dory; one handles the oars, the other man aft throws over the buoy line. The trawls are then uncoiled from the tubs by the aid of a stick and sent after the buoy line. The fishing-gear consists of ropes several hundred feet long to which, at intervals of a yard or so, hooks are attached by smaller lines two feet long and submerged by anchors and then buoyed. There are about three thousand hooks to handle to a dory. Fogs and snow-squalls are the dread of the trawlers, and account for the loss of so many of that class of fishermen while away from the vessel in their dories.

RETURN TO ➡ **CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT**
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1 **HOME USE**	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

Renewals and Recharges may be made 4 days prior to the due date.

Books may be Renewed by calling 642-3405

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

JUN 0 4 1992		
REC. MOFFITT AUG 14 '92		
AUTO DISC CIRC AUG 15 '92		

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
BERKELEY, CA 94720

FORM NO. DD6

859233

953
F197

Falt, C. M.
Wharf and fleet

Mar
July 12

859233

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C040007330